

## **Historic, Archive Document**

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WLW  
CINCINNATI

# FORTUNES WASHED AWAY

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P.M. - E.S.T.

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A SERIES OF DRAMATIZATIONS OF BETTER LAND USE.

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No. 161

"THE POET AND THE PEASANT"

May 24, 1941

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ORGAN THEME: DEEP RIVER

VOICE

We took it for granted that land was everlasting;

We said ownership of the land insured security;

Tools would wear out, men would die --

But the land would remain.'

ORGAN: ABRUPT DISCORD.

ANNOUNCER (cold)

Fortunes Washed Away!

ORGAN: DEEP RIVER.

ANNOUNCER

Scotland is a picturesque country of fertile plains and barren mountains, moors and peat-bogs, beef and dairy cattle. On the Atlantic seaboard, the soil is meagre, the climate raw -- but bordering the Firth of Clyde where the mountains descend to the sea, is the rich county of Ayrshire -- Ayrshire, home of the finest cattle in the kingdom, home of a famous farmer, Robert Burns. From the Scottish Highlands came the ancestors of another farmer. His name is Tom McCoy, and his farm in Wayne County, Ohio, is the scene of the 161st consecutive episode of Fortunes Washed Away.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.



ANNOUNCER

Tom McCoy is 78 years old, but his shoulders are square, his head erect, and there is a pleasant gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he gazes across the broad fertile farm that has been his home for many years. Tom McCoy loves the land...

NARRATOR

"These are the things I prize  
And hold of dearest worth:  
Light of the sapphire skies,  
Peace of the silent hills,  
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,  
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,  
Shadows of clouds that swiftly pass,  
And after showers,  
The smell of flowers  
And of the good brown earth."

Let me tell you a story about one of my neighbors. I won't tell you his name, because I never gossip or talk scandal. But one day he came over in his buggy, mad as a hornet...

NEIGHBOR

Oh, there you are, Tom McCoy!

McCOY

What are you so excited about?

NEIGHBOR

Aren't those my mules back there behind your barn?

McCOY

Yes, they are. They strayed over sometime this morning.

NEIGHBOR

Oh, no they didn't stray. You tried to steal 'em, that's what.





McCOY

Take it easy, now. You're getting all excited over nothing.

NEIGHBOR

I got a right to get excited! Nobody's gonna steal my mules and get away with it!

McCOY (calmly but deliberately)

I think you'd better get down from that buggy and get your mules.

NEIGHBOR

I'm coming down, all right...and right on top of you!

SOUND: Men scuffling, grunting, then one loud blow...

NEIGHBOR

Oh! I'm kilt!

McCOY

I don't think so. I'm sorry I had to do it. You see, to me the best man in the world is my neighbor. As Robert Burns once wrote:

"Your friendship much can make me blest--

Oh, why that bliss destroy?"

And Robert Burns was a farmer, just like you and me.

NEIGHBOR

Say, that's all right. I'm sorry, Tom. I guess I'm an old fool.

McCOY

No, you're not. You're my neighbor -- and my friend.

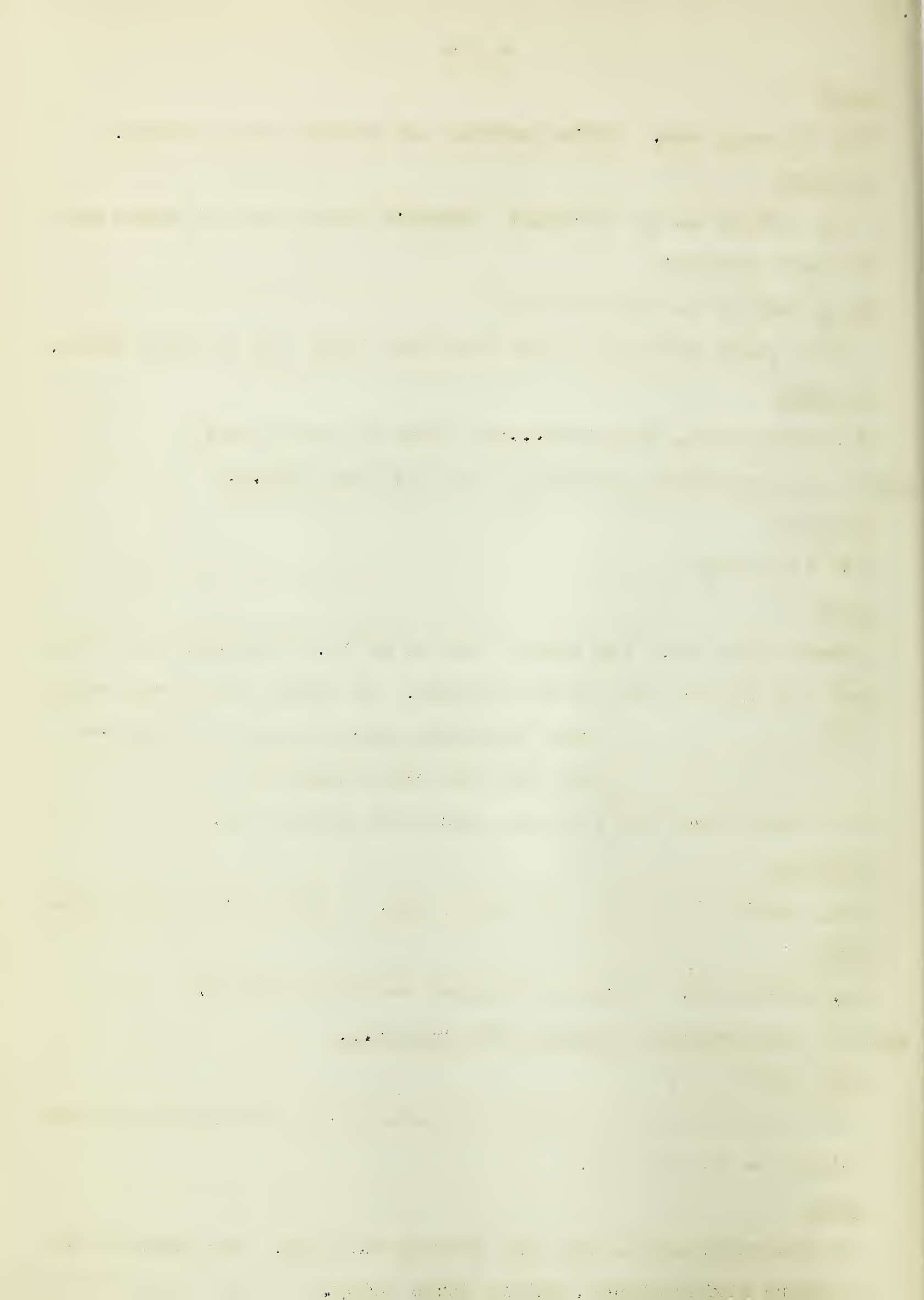
SOUND: Man striking plowshare with hammer...

WIFE (fading in)

Tom McCoy, you ought to have more sense than to be working in the hot sun -- at your age.

McCOY

And you ought not to walk all the way out here. You ought to be in there fixing dinner, Hattie Stone McCoy.





WIFE

Dinner's all ready, and a fine one it is, too. I'll say this much, you've been a mighty good provider.

McCOY

It just takes careful management. No farmer who minds his own business and keeps his health has any reason to be in distress. It's mainly a question of taking care of the land.

WIFE

You've done that. It takes good farming to make enough to put six children through college, and have a little left over.

McCOY

I suppose so. We don't have any soil washing like the folks around us. No place rolling enough except that woods, and I'm sure going to take care of it.

WIFE

But what are you going to do about the soil that washes down on us from their fields?

McCOY

Why, Hattie, it's just a question of men working together. I see where the Ohio legislature has passed the soil conservation districts bill. That's a case of farmers working together.

WIFE

Now don't get started on soil conservation again. I don't remember Robert Burns writing anything about that.



McCOY

But he did write about the ruined farmer.

"O, whither, O, whither shall I turn  
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn?  
For in this world rest or peace  
I never more shall know:  
And it's O fickle Fortune, O".

ORGAN: LOCH LOMOND.

SOUND: Street noises...

NEIGHBOR

Hello, Tom. What brings you into Wooster -- another meeting?

McCOY

Yes, I am going to talk to a group of school children.

NEIGHBOR

Give 'em plenty of Robert Burns!

McCOY

You can depend on that.

NEIGHBOR

Say, they tell me you nearly brought down the house when you spoke to the Rotary Club a few weeks ago. I'll declare, I never have seen a man who could combine poetry with common sense farming methods.

McCOY

Well, I've got to enjoy a little more leisure now than I once could. I didn't inherit anything -- I've had to work for it. My, when we came to Creston in 1873 you should have seen the land.





NEIGHBOR

Pretty bad, huh? Swampy?

McCOY

A lot of it was marshy, and we had to tile it. No sir, it just burns me up the way some people treat their land. Now you take the burning of straw stacks, and old haystacks, and grass fields - that's sheer waste.

NEIGHBOR

What do you mean? I've always been told that burning over made the new growth come on clean and even like.

McCOY

I got a letter just the other day from my son Neal -- he's superintendent of the CC camp at Chillicothe...

NEIGHBOR

Yeah, I know...

McCOY

And he says the boys in that camp would have been spared a lot of time and worry over fire-fighting if farmers had been more careful. But here's the real damage: burning injures the root crowns of grasses and legumes, and the fire destroys organic matter. That reduces soil fertility and finally brings on soil erosion. Spring should be the most beautiful season of the year. Instead of burned over pastures, gullied fields, and waters running red with silt, it should be the season when

"Again rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues:

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,

All freshly steep'd in morning dews."





SOUND: Night noises...

WIFE

You look tired, Tom. Don't you think you ought to go in before long?

McCOY

I am tired. I'm going in and read in a minute.

WIFE

I don't see why you have to work so hard.

McCOY

I wouldn't have spent the whole day riding a sulky plow behind a three-horse team if I could find a capable farm hand to do it.

WIFE

It's the war, I suppose. Farm help's awful scarce.

McCOY

Then I wanted to see how that woods improvement job is getting along. I hadn't realized before how much fuel wood we can get out of there just by taking out the dead and crooked stuff, and making room for the better stuff. Who knows? We may have to get enough good wood out of there someday to build another barn.

WIFE

Why, we've just built a barn.

McCOY

I'm not thinking about us. I'm thinking about the boys.

WIFE

Always thinking of the future, aren't you?

McCOY

We must leave them a good farm...

ORGAN: Sneak in LOCH LOMOND.

1890

Received of the Hon. Secy. of the Navy  
the sum of \$100.00 for the purpose of

paying the salary of the

Commissioner of the

General Land Office for the year 1890  
and for the purpose of

paying the salary of the

Commissioner of the  
General Land Office for the year 1890  
and for the purpose of

paying the salary of the  
Commissioner of the  
General Land Office for the year 1890  
and for the purpose of

paying the salary of the

Commissioner of the

General Land Office for the year 1890

and for the purpose of

paying the salary of the

McCOY

"So let me keep  
These treasures of the humble heart  
In true possession, owning them by love;  
And when at last I can no longer move  
Among them freely, but must part  
From the green fields and from the waters clear,  
Let me not creep  
Into some darkened room and hide  
From all that makes the world so bright and dear;  
But throw the windows wide  
To welcome in the light;  
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand  
Let me once more have sight  
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land,  
Then gently fall on sleep  
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,  
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER

That is the true story of Tom McCoy, farmer and philosopher of Wayne County, Ohio. And now, once again we turn to the United States Department of Agriculture, and speaking for the Soil Conservation Service, here is Ewing Jones.





JONES

Thanks, \_\_\_\_\_. Tom McCoy's outlook on life is really sincere. The other day, with H. A. Reichel and Ben Bachulis from the Wooster CCC camp, we heard some of this philosophy, and you can't help but go away from that fine farm with a feeling that here is a man who loves the soil -- a man who has learned that hard work can bring happiness.

ANNOUNCER

Then he's really happy.

JONES

Yes -- he's made a success of his life. I admire the man. And now, Ken, I know that it will be good news to many other Ohio farmers to learn that the state legislature has passed the bill enabling formation of soil conservation districts -- when and if the farmers want to organize them. From reports over the state, I understand that many farmers are planning to start circulating petitions. And speaking of soil conservation districts, here's a warning...

ANNOUNCER

From the Fenton, Michigan soil conservation district: A. F. Monroe, the farm forester there, says that many farm woods owners are taking advantage of the present good timber prices. But the warning is that the present tendency of many farmers to overcut is a menace to the national defense program. He urges all farmers to protect the farm woodlands and adopt systematic management practices. Lump sum selling, followed by slash or clear cutting, frequently leaves the owner not only with little or no growing stock on the ground, but often brings him a low price for the material cut. Furthermore, slash cutting leaves the ground susceptible to soil erosion.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be carefully documented to ensure the integrity of the financial data. This section also outlines the procedures for reconciling accounts and identifying any discrepancies that may arise.

Furthermore, it is noted that regular audits are essential for verifying the accuracy of the records. The document provides a detailed schedule for these audits, including the roles and responsibilities of the personnel involved in the process.

In addition, the document addresses the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting. It states that all reports should be prepared in a clear and concise manner, using standardized formats and terminology. This ensures that the information is easily understood by all stakeholders and facilitates the identification of trends and patterns in the data.

The final section of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers recommendations for improving the financial reporting process. It suggests that ongoing training and education for staff members is crucial for maintaining high standards of accuracy and reliability. The document concludes by expressing the commitment to continuous improvement and the goal of achieving the highest possible level of financial transparency and accountability.

JONES

And from Tennessee comes better news: G. B. Shivery, forester with the U-T Agricultural Extension Service, reports that for the second consecutive year, Hardeman County leads all Tennessee counties in the number of trees planted by farmers. And now, Ken.....the "Eleventh Commandment."

ORGAN: DEEP RIVER

ANNOUNCER

"Thou shall inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, so that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or be destroyed from off the face of the earth."

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

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ANNOUNCER

Excerpts from the poem, "Lord of the Open Air" by Henry Van Dyke, were used through courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

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